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Works of Thomas Hill Green

Thomas Hill Green (1836–82) was one of the most influential English thinkers of his time, and he made significant contributions to the development of political liberalism. Much of his career was spent at Balliol College, Oxford: having begun as a student of Benjamin Jowett, he later acted effectively as his second-in-command at the college. Interested for his whole career in social questions, Green supported the temperance movement, the extension of the franchise, and the admission of women to university education. He became Whyte's professor of moral philosophy at Oxford in 1878, and his lectures had a lasting influence on a generation of students. Volume 3, published in 1888, contains a memoir by Nettleship, Green's pupil and editor, drawing on Green's recollections, as well as the memories of friends and family. The rest of the volume consists of essays on topics ranging from Aristotle to Christian dogma.

Works of Thomas Hill Green

Volume 3: Miscellanies and Memoirs

Edited by R.L. Nettleship

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

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Cambridge, New York, Melbourne, Madrid, Cape Town,
Singapore, São Paolo, Delhi, Tokyo, Mexico City

Published in the United States of America by Cambridge University Press, New York

www.cambridge.org
Information on this title: www.cambridge.org/9781108036825

This edition first published 1888
This digitally printed version 2011

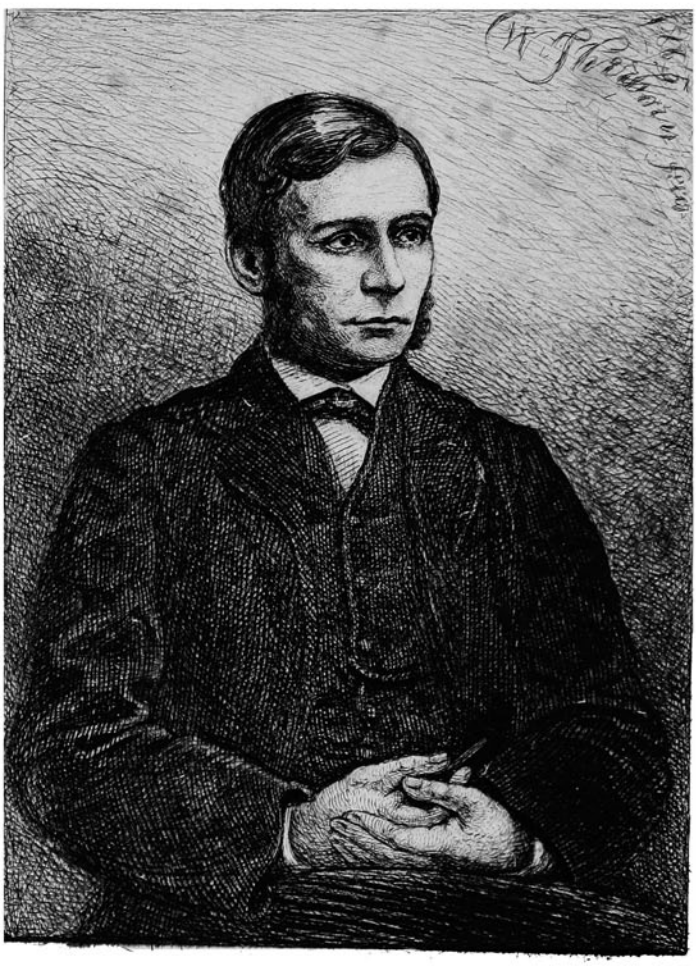
ISBN 978-1-108-03682-5 Paperback

WORKS OF THOMAS HILL GREEN

VOL. III.

MISCELLANIES AND MEMOIR

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW STREET SQUARE
LONDON



THOMAS HILL GREEN.

London. Longmans. Green & Cº

WORKS

OF

THOMAS HILL GREEN

LATE FELLOW OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, AND
WHYTE'S PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

EDITED BY

R. L. NETTLESHIP

FELLOW OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD

VOL. III.

MISCELLANIES AND MEMOIR

WITH A PORTRAIT

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
AND NEW YORK: 15 EAST 16th STREET
1888

PREFACE OF THE EDITOR.

THE following portions of the contents of this volume have been printed before : 'The Force of Circumstances,' in a publication called 'Undergraduate Papers,' Oxford, 1858 ; 'The Value and Influence of Works of Fiction,' as a prize essay, Oxford, 1862 ; 'The Philosophy of Aristotle' and 'Popular Philosophy in its Relation to Life,' in the 'North British Review' for September, 1866, and March, 1868 ; the reviews of E. Caird's 'Philosophy of Kant,' J. Caird's 'Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion,' and J. Watson's 'Kant and his English Critics,' in the 'Academy' for September 22, 1877, July 10, 1880, and September 17 and 24, 1881. The addresses on 'The Witness of God' and 'Faith,' delivered in 1870 and 1877, and originally printed for private circulation, were published in 1884 by Messrs. Longman with an unfinished preface by Arnold Toynbee. The lectures on 'Liberal Legislation and Freedom of Contract' and 'The Work to be done by the new Oxford High School,' were published in 1881 and 1882 ; the first was given at Leicester under the auspices of the Liberal Association, the second at Oxford to the Wesleyan Literary Society ; it is dedicated to Mr. Joseph Richardson, head-master of the Wesleyan School, 'in recognition of his great services

to education in Oxford.' The lecture on 'The Grading of Secondary Schools' was delivered to the Birmingham Teachers' Association, and published in 'The Journal of Education,' May, 1877, from which it was reprinted. Of the previously unpublished papers, the essay on 'The Influence of Civilisation on Genius' was probably written in early years at Oxford, and the essay on 'Christian Dogma' was read to the 'Old Mortality Essay Society,' of which Green was elected a member in May, 1858. The lectures on the New Testament were delivered several times while he was a tutor at Balliol; the extracts printed are taken from his notes supplemented by those of A. C. Bradley in the Galatians, R. W. Macan in the Romans, and C. E. Vaughan in the Fourth Gospel; these gentlemen completed their academical courses severally in 1873, 1871, and 1877. The date of the fragment on 'Immortality' is uncertain, as is also that of the unfinished address on 'The word is nigh thee,' but the latter is probably earlier than the other religious addresses. The four lectures on 'The English Revolution' were delivered for the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in January 1867; he did not intend them for publication, but they are printed on the recommendation of competent judges. The two lectures on 'The Elementary School System of England' were delivered at Oxford in the Central school in February, 1878.

The memoir is, from the nature of the case, little more than a record of his opinions; and I have given it, as far as possible, in his own words. The materials were derived from his published writings, his letters, and the recollections of those who knew him. His only continuous correspondence was with his family, between

1850 and 1870, and this his sisters have most kindly placed at my disposal. Neither these nor the other letters to which I had access were of a kind to be printed entire, but they have supplied a great deal of valuable information. For reminiscences and other assistance, I have to thank the following gentlemen: Professor J. Bryce, Mr. R. Buckell, Professor A. V. Dicey, the Rev. C. Evans, Mr. C. A. Fyffe, the Rev. A. Grenfell, Mr. D. Hanbury, the Rev. E. Hatch, Mr. A. G. Liddell, Professor H. Nettleship, Mr. W. L. Newman, Mr. J. Richardson, Professor H. Sidgwick, Sir E. Strachey, Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, Mr. J. A. Symonds, the Rev. A. R. Vardy. I am also indebted to Mr. C. H. Firth for revising the lectures on 'The English Revolution,' and to Professor E. Caird, Professor A. C. Bradley, and Professor A. Goodwin, for reading the proofs of the memoir and making suggestions. Lastly, I must express my great obligations to Mrs. Green, who has given me the constant benefit of her knowledge and judgment; to her it is largely due if I have succeeded in conveying to the outside world any adequate idea of a life which she alone knew from within.

OXFORD, *August*, 1888.

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OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

Errata in this Volume.

P. 199, line 3 from bottom, *for* 'imparting' *read* 'imputing.'
P. 224, line 11 from bottom, *for* 'commonly' *read* 'conversely.'
P. 349, line 10 from bottom, *for* 'the' *read* 'his.'

Errata in the Second Volume.

P. 19, note 1, *for* '54' *read* '55.'
P. 31, line 9 from top, *for* 'any representation' *read* 'my representations.'
P. 36, note 1, *for* '57' *read* '58.'
P. 37, line 6 from bottom, *for* 'affected' *read* 'effected.'
P. 80, note 1, *insert* 'of' *after* 'condition.'

MEMOIR.

A MAN who spends most of his life in thinking, speaking, and writing about philosophy and religion, and in quietly promoting the political and social interests of the town in which he lives, is not likely to supply material for a striking biography. His life is his work, and his work is to be found in books and pupils, in institutions which he helped to establish, and in the public spirit which he helped to create. To those who knew him these things speak for themselves, and to those who did not know him they cannot be made eloquent by description. The enthusiasm called forth by his death soon subsides, and the power diffused from his life resumes the quiet channels in which it had hitherto flowed. The object of this short memoir is not to depict an heroic character or an eventful career, nor to popularise or criticise a philosophical system; nor can it offer much matter of general interest drawn from correspondence or personal reminiscences. It seeks merely to record a fact which has never been common and which is especially rare in England, the fact of a life in which philosophy was reconciled with religion on the one side and with politics on the other; the life of a man to whom reason was faith made articulate, and for whom both faith and reason found their highest expression in good citizenship.

Thomas Hill Green was the youngest of four children, two sons and two daughters. He was born April 7, 1836, at Birkin, a village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, of which his father, Valentine Green, was rector. His paternal grandfather was a squire living at Normanton-le-heath in Leicestershire, who married a Miss Mortimer of Caldwell Hall in Derbyshire. An ancestor of this lady, John Mortimer, whose first wife was a granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell, afterwards married a daughter of one of Cromwell's officers, Colonel Sanders, and from her the Greens were descended. Mrs. Valentine Green was the eldest daughter of Edward Thomas Vaughan, vicar of St. Martin and All Saints at Leicester; her mother was a daughter of Daniel Thomas Hill of Aylesbury, whose son, vicar of Chesterfield and afterwards archdeacon of Derby, gave the living of Birkin to Valentine Green.

Mrs. Green died when Thomas was only a year old, and the children were brought up by their father until the boys went to school. Birkin was seven miles from any town, and they seem to have lived very much to themselves, with plenty of open air and freedom, doing not many lessons but doing them well, never questioning and scarcely feeling the authority of their father. He was not a man of whom the world knew much, but he was what few men succeed in being, the best friend of his children. Those who knew him speak of his deep religious feeling unencumbered with dogmatic learning, of his native eloquence, his love for the peasantry, his keen interest in politics, his humorous observation of men; and when further we hear his son in a letter regretting that 'the union of magnanimity, indolence, and a bad digestion' had prevented his father from making the best of himself, we understand how many points of affinity there must have been between the two. Thomas was not at all a precocious boy. He was slow in acquiring knowledge, and learnt by heart with difficulty; but his nurse, Hannah Carr, to whom he owed a great deal, always maintained that he would someday make his mark in the world. The few early letters which remain already show signs of the maturity, circumstantiality, and humorous sarcasm of his later correspondence. Nor does his moral judgment seem to have been less pronounced, for at the age of thirteen he writes of another boy, 'I dislike him very much still; his rudeness, greediness, impudence, and ingratitude are unparalleled.'

In the summer of 1850, when he was fourteen, he went to school at Rugby, then under the head-mastership of E. M. Goulburn. He was placed in the 'first fifth' form, where they were reading Herodotus, Sophocles, and Virgil. In the following summer he went into the 'Twenty,' and at the beginning of 1852 into the sixth form, where he remained for three years and a half. After the first annoyances which were sure to meet a rather odd, shy, and homebred boy, he settled down contentedly enough to his new life. But he never became a thorough schoolboy, either of the athletic or of the intellectual type. He played football indeed regularly, and ran in 'hare and hounds'; but more for the sake of health, or from a sense of duty, or to avoid singularity, than because he liked it. His ability soon made itself felt both by masters and boys, but in the regular work of the school, though he never fell below a fair level, he seldom gained great distinction. This was due to several reasons. In the first place he was always deficient in alertness and versatility, both of mind and body. Many boys who do not grow into intellectual men are stimulated to intellectual efforts at school by the competi-

tive impulse or by the simple pleasure of activity; but he was not appealed to by either of these motives. 'He is slow and easily puzzled'; 'there is a certain inertness about him; he has not much ambition'; 'I fear that he is constitutionally indolent'; such are the judgments of his masters in 1850, 1851, and 1853. He wrote slowly in examinations, was constantly behindhand with his exercises, and had great difficulty in getting up in the morning. But a stronger reason for his apparent want of success was the fact that his heart was not in the subjects in which distinction at school is chiefly won. He had not the interest either in language or in learning which makes a great scholar. He had indeed a genuine literary sense, and his own power of expression was far above the average; but he needed the presence of something great to make him put out his strength. This was strikingly shown on the single occasion (1855) on which, to the wonder of everybody, he gained the prize for Latin prose composition. The passage to be translated was taken from Milton's *Areopagitica*, and under its inspiration he produced a version in which he surpassed himself even more than his competitors. While he was thus indifferent to the study of literary form, except as a vehicle for his own best thought, he was also impatient of research and averse to diffuse reading. The first time that he competed for the Queen's medal he complains that, though the judges liked his essay the best, they gave the prize to another boy 'because his essay showed more labour, i.e. came out of thirteen books instead of his own head.' In the next competition he was successful, contrary to his own expectation, for the subject was one for which he had 'to consult a variety of fusty authorities, which I never can succeed in doing well; I always find that if I cram myself with the ideas of others, my own all vanish.' This love of mental independence remained with him through life, and when towards the end of his school career his father expostulated with him on his 'dilatory habits,' he was able (while fully admitting the charge) to answer with perfect sincerity, 'the reason why most people think me idle is that I cannot think it right to devote myself to the ordinary studies of school and college, which to me at least are of very little profit; and hence the fruits of my labours do not at present appear, but I hope they will do in time.'

There can be little doubt that if, while he was in the sixth form, he had come in contact with a dominating and sympathetic mind, his constitutional inertness would have been to a great extent overcome, and his deeper ambition developed and guided. But this was not the case. Of his house-master C. Evans, and of his two first form-

masters, G. G. Bradley, the present dean of Westminster, and R. L. Cotton, afterwards bishop of Calcutta, he speaks with respect and admiration; but between him and Dr. Goulburn there was little sympathy or mutual appreciation. As regards one point, indeed, the maintenance of discipline, the head-master freely recognised his services, and publicly thanked him for them when he was leaving the school. This is noticeable, because the exercise of authority under difficulties was peculiarly distasteful to him, and cost him a great moral effort. The weakness which in some form or another limits the strength of most strong characters, appeared in him as a tendency to shrink from things involving danger and enterprise. The sense of conflict between what he would have called 'the flesh and the spirit' seemed to be constantly present to him, but he felt 'the flesh' rather as something which tempted him to neglect or shun great opportunities than as a source of passionate impulse to do what he thought wrong. At the same time he showed, especially in youth, a 'certain solid wilfulness, a certain grave rebelliousness' (to use the words of one of his friends), which prompted him to go his own way regardless of conventions and rules. Thus the observance and maintenance of authority was made doubly difficult to him, and the sense of duty which enabled him to overcome this difficulty was always a prominent feature, perhaps the most obviously prominent feature, in his character. This sense of duty, combined with a strong sympathy with the weak and friendless, made him at school a staunch upholder of the monitorial system. Writing from Rugby to his father in 1854, on occasion of a letter from Dr. Vaughan to lord Palmerston on the subject, he says, 'The spirit of the age, raving against everything that sounds like oppression, seems likely to establish a worse tyranny in public schools, as everywhere else; for it is impossible for bullying to be stopped except by præpostors.'

Of the subjects other than school work and discipline which were occupying his mind during these years, there is very little evidence. That he was one of the recognised 'politicians' of the school, and that he was considered (in spite of his own protestations to the contrary) a 'dreadful radical,' we learn from his letters. They also reveal a constitutional antipathy to popery and everything that savoured of it. In 1854 we hear of his reading Maurice's 'Theological essays' and 'Prophets and kings of the Old Testament,' and of the former book he observes that 'its merits, as is usually the case, seem to be in exact counter-proportion to the abuse which has been heaped upon it.' Carlyle and Kingsley were also among his favourite authors. Of the beginnings of his interest in philosophy

only one or two traces remain; he refers himself in 1852 to a 'tough bit of Aristotle' set in an examination, which he was the only one to make out, and a schoolfellow tells of his attempt to impart some 'elementary metaphysical conceptions' in connexion with a bridge on the Newbold road; 'he endeavoured to make me understand that we each of us saw a different bridge.'

These meagre indications are to some extent supplemented by the general reminiscences of his contemporaries. Those who knew him evidently felt that in mind and character he stood outside and above them. 'I can remember,' writes one, 'that from the first I had an impression of him as living a life of his own, apart from the general stream of boy-life. It could not be said that he affected eccentricity or solitude, but he did not throw himself either into work or play with any ordinary boyish eagerness or ambition; so that he was not generally influential, nor exactly popular; and yet it was generally felt that this aloofness, this outside attitude, was not due to any want of energy; and it gave him a peculiar impressiveness to a small number. To me he was mainly impressive through his thoughtfulness and literary interests; the vigour of his interest and the independence of his judgment on subjects outside the range of ordinary school talk. It was largely due to his influence that I went up to Cambridge with aspirations and tendencies towards something other than classical scholarship.' Another writes, 'He was a boy apart, not mixing much in any of the ordinary life of schoolboys. He was not tempted by the common prizes, nor was he concerned with school games or school parties. He comes before my memory first as a good thinker and speaker at the school debating society. I remember the early attraction of his absolute freedom from the party jealousies and boyish forms of pride which were rife enough at Rugby, but of which he was incapable. I remember too the early independence of his mind, which did not run in the ordinary groove of studious boys, led by able tutors. He was a plant growing, not a brick being moulded.' Another friend, now headmaster of a school himself, thus described him in an address to his boys; 'In old days at Rugby we knew that we had a remarkable schoolfellow in the house. Even then he seemed to us boys (as in later days to others) to have some of the character of Cromwell about him, his favourite hero. A sixth fellow, who very seldom seemed to use his power, but yet in whose presence no one in the house would have found it possible to use a bad word or tell a ribald story; a water-drinker in those days, when he was probably the only one of four hundred to be so; never known to say an unkind word

or do an unkind deed to any other boy in the school; going out even then on Sunday afternoons in the fields by himself, and not ashamed, when he was laughed at about it, to silence us by saying with a smile, that he could worship God best in the green fields by himself.'

With a boy like this it is not surprising that few of his fellows were intimate. He seems to have had only one great friendship at Rugby, and that was broken tragically by the illness, and ultimately the insanity, of his friend. He was not given to talking about his personal sorrows, but the little that he says on this occasion is enough to show how much he felt; 'It is a great grief to me; he was the only real friend I ever made at school, and I had always been in the habit of looking forward to our going through life together.' This experience came at the same time with family troubles of which he had to bear the chief burden, and the two together must have deepened his sense, already deep, of the serious side of life. His last year at Rugby he describes as very lonely and wearisome; most of his acquaintances had left, the few who remained were too young to satisfy him, and the other boys seemed to him 'not only children but disagreeable children.' Yet he did not look forward very hopefully to Oxford, being, as he confesses, 'always inclined to find fault with his future lot.' He had been there in 1854, and formed views of the university which are not usual in a lad of eighteen. 'The insides of the colleges,' he writes, 'are strangely incongruous with the outside. The finest colleges are the most corrupt, the functionaries from the heads to the servants being wholly given to quiet dishonesty, and the undergraduates to sensual idleness.' And again: 'I shall be happy there if I can work hard. But the temptations to idleness seem innumerable. My chief one would be those most luxurious canoes, in which one can paddle for hours under the most delicious shade, without the least exertion, and undisturbed by eights or such abominations.' These apprehensions were not justified by the event; but his innate dislike of luxury combined with his innate tendency to indolence made him to the end of his life feel strongly, perhaps too strongly, this side of the dangers of Oxford life.

In October, 1855, he entered Balliol college, where rooms had already been offered him after the examination for scholarships. Report had given him a favourable opinion of the college, as regards both cheapness of living and excellence of teaching, and to get a fellowship there was already his 'great hope at Oxford.' At first the hope did not seem likely to be realised. What had happened at school was repeated at the university. He admitted the excellence of the lectures, but classical scholarship had little attraction for him,

and after two years of comparative idleness interrupted by spasmodic efforts he only obtained a second class in 'moderations.' Stung by the sense of failure, and stimulated by his college tutor, Benjamin Jowett, and by Charles Parker, with whom he read privately, he now worked hard for a year and a half, and in the summer of 1859 gained a first class in the school of *literæ humaniores*, impressing the examiners as the ablest among several able candidates. He then read hurriedly for six months for the school of law and modern history, and though he only got a third class, added considerably to his knowledge. In 1860 he was employed to lecture on ancient and modern history at Balliol, and in November of that year he achieved his youthful ambition by being elected a fellow of the college.

The view which he himself took of his career at Oxford appears from two letters to his father, the first telling of his first class, the second of his fellowship. 'The chief pleasure I derive from my success lies in being able to tell you of it, and I am truly thankful for having been enabled to redeem to some extent the wasted years of my past life.' 'When I look back on my past career it seems to me that my improvement is mainly due to the society of the senior friends with whom it has been my happiness to fall in, viz. Jowett, Conington, and C. Parker. But for their constantly stirring me up, I should have sunk into permanent lethargy.' These self-accusations were perhaps only half deserved, but the sense of what he owed to his friends was none the less genuine; as he once said of himself in Johnson's words, 'the goodwill of my fellow-men is inexpressibly dear to me.' Of the three men mentioned here, Jowett was the one to whom he owed the greatest and most lasting debt. In his first term he wrote, 'my tutor is most kind to me, and I like him exceedingly. I breakfast with him occasionally, when he talks to me freely, and not the commonplaces which such men generally do to their pupils.' Experience confirmed and deepened these first impressions. Three years and a half later he says, 'the more I see of him the more I am convinced of his remarkable goodness and genius'; and this conviction he retained to the end of his life. In the period between 1860 and 1866, when the connexion between them became closer, Jowett's advice was probably the strongest among the various influences which determined his career; and in later years nothing cost him so much effort or such searchings of heart as the rare occasions on which he was obliged to disagree with his former tutor. His friendship with John Conington, the professor of Latin, was one in which the disparity of age was partly equalised by the unusual strength and maturity of the younger man. Conington

made a point of cultivating the acquaintance of remarkable undergraduates, and lived largely on their sympathy and society. In spite of many divergences in studies and interests, there was, says Green, 'a wonderful compatibility between us.' 'What was common to them,' writes one who was the friend of both, 'was a certain nobility of mental attitude, a great seriousness and love for the profounder aspects of things, and all the deep sympathies of the religious temperament.' It was with Conington that he spent parts of his first four long vacations, at Keswick, Freshwater, Bideford, and Whitby successively; and those who know Oxford life know how integral a part of it is the long vacation 'reading-party,' in which books and lectures are digested and discussed, friendships are formed and cemented, and body and mind expand in beautiful scenery and congenial society. The country was to Green a source of many-sided enjoyment. Walking was his favourite exercise, and though he was not an adventurous mountaineer, nothing heightened his vitality so surely as mountain air. His topographical sense moreover was unusually strong; one of his first steps in a new place was to master its geography, and he took as much pleasure in finding a good route as other people do in finding a cheap one. A deeper source of enjoyment lay in his love of country people. He seemed to feel himself at home with them at once, and seized without effort the political and economical features of their life. 'What he most enjoyed in scenery,' says a friend who travelled much with him, 'was an upland prospect with some breadth of cultivated land. Those who have ever heard it will remember the peculiar smack of his utterance of the word *tilth*.' It was this interest in the country as the meeting-point of man with nature that specially attracted him to Wordsworth, and made him speak of the *Ode to duty* as 'the high-water-mark of modern poetry.' Nature appealed to his imagination, not, as it has done to some men, as a miracle of form and colour inviting and defying reproduction, nor, as it has done to others, as an elemental force in whose presence man finds peace by escaping from himself, but rather as the sympathetic background to human life and the kindred revelation of a divine intelligence.

While he was thus receiving influence from his elders, he was making himself felt by his fellow-students, some of whom have recorded their impressions of him. 'His appearance was striking in those days, and made him a familiar figure even to those who did not know him personally. Thick black hair, dark eyebrows, eyes of rich brown with a peculiarly stedfast look, were the features which first struck one; and with these there was a remarkable seriousness

of expression, an air of solidity and quiet strength. He knew comparatively few people, and of these only a very few intimately, having no taste for those sports in which university acquaintances are most frequently made, and seldom appearing at breakfasts or wine-parties. This caused him to pass for unsocial; and I remember having felt a slight sense of awe or alarm, the first time I found myself seated beside him. But as one came to know him better, one quickly perceived that under his reserve there lay not only a great capacity for affection,—no man was more tenacious of his friendships,—but qualities that made him a delightful companion. His tendency to solitude sprang not from pride but from the occupation of his mind by subjects which seldom weigh on men of his age. He had, even when a boy at school, been grappling with the problems of metaphysics and theology: and they had given a tinge of gravity to his manner. The relief to that gravity lay in his humour, which was not only abundant but genial and sympathetic. It used to remind us of Carlyle, but in him it was more kindly, and, above all, more lenient to ordinary people. While averse, perhaps too severely averse, from whatever was luxurious or frivolous in undergraduate life, he had the warmest interest in, and the strongest sympathy for, the humbler classes. No man had a truer love for social equality, or a higher sense of the dignity of simple human nature. He liked to meet farmers and tradespeople on their own level, and knew how to do so without seeming to condescend; the belief in the duty of approaching the people directly and getting them to form and express their own views was at the root of all his political doctrines. Though apt to be silent in general company, no one could be more agreeable when you were alone with him. We used to say of him—and his seniors said the same—that you never talked to him without carrying away something to remember and ponder over. On everything he said or wrote there was stamped the impress of a forcible individuality, a mind that thought for itself, and whose thoughts had the rugged strength of an original character wherein grimness was mingled with humour, and practical shrewdness with a love for abstract speculation. His independence appeared even in the way he pursued his studies. With abilities of the highest order, he cared comparatively little for the distinctions which the university offers; choosing rather to follow out his own line of reading in the way he judged most permanently useful, than to devote himself to the pursuit of honours and prizes.'[1] This was written in 1882, on a retrospect

[1] *Contemporary Review*, May, 1882.

of some twenty years; the following extract from a journal kept by another friend in 1862 gives us a contemporary view. 'Of all my college associates except one, none have a character better worth notice, few a character more difficult to seize, or to describe with truth. Maturity, ripeness, almost over-ripeness, is one of his characteristics. This marks him off from the men of his standing. He is never silly, never flippant. A certain weight hangs on what he says: you may disagree with it, you can never safely put it aside without consideration. A keen sense of humour and a tinge of dreaminess give a peculiar charm to his conversation when he is at his ease and in one of his best moods. A person who had known Clough told me that Green recalled Clough to him, but that Clough was at once more poetical and more indolently dreamy than Green. If this is true, Clough must have been oppressed by a large amount of "schwärmerei," for Green's most patent peculiarity is a special kind of indolence. No man is driven with greater difficulty to work not to his taste. At college simple inactivity cost him a "first" at moderations, an honour which though somewhat esteemed is constantly obtained by men of no ability and of infinitely slight acquirements. He wrote some of the best college essays: he never sent them in on the right day, and might generally be seen on the Monday pondering over essays which everyone else had sent in on the Friday night. As a set-off, his writings were well expressed and worth perusal, while the mass of writings composed or scribbled off between eleven on Friday night and one on Saturday could not be read, even by their authors, without some shame and disgust. Whether indeed Green's indolence could be separated from his maturity, is to me doubtful. They are both the two sides of the same disposition. His political views have always made a link between us. He is a philosophic radical, but of a very peculiar kind. Almost all his definite opinions might be endorsed by Bright or Cobden, but neither Bright nor Cobden could understand the process by which Green's opinions are obtained, nor the arguments by which they are defended. An idealist in philosophy, he argues for the most utilitarian of political schools on idealist principles; and attaching the greatest importance to national life, constantly expresses a contempt for so-called "national honour" and imperial greatness which might perhaps offend the nationalism of even Mr. Cobden. At the time when Mr. Bright had offended England by his "Perish Savoy," Green read a most able essay on "National life." One sentence still remains in my recollection, "Let the flag of England be dragged through the dirt rather than sixpence be added to the taxes which weigh on

the poor." This sentence contains a partial explanation at least of the apparent contradictions contained in his political ideas. The noblest feature in his character is a serious sympathy with the wrongs and sufferings of the poor. All those social facts, such as the suffering caused by taxation, the necessity of peace to ensure even a possibility of prosperity for the labouring classes, which rarely occur to the recollection, and never trouble the enjoyments, of university men, are, I truly believe, constantly present to his mind. Hence a contempt, more excusable and natural than philosophic, for those theories of national honour and greatness which are, it is true, only the expression of political vanity, and always tend to postpone social reforms to considerations of dignity and reputation. Green occasionally expressed his opinions to the Oxford Union. His two or three speeches, though badly delivered, were the most remarkable I heard during my residence at Oxford. Anyone who knows the Union will not need to be told that a society which would applaud claptrap, personalities, flippancy, and impertinence to the echo, would hardly give a hearing to Green. He was the most unpopular of speakers. Nor indeed, though much esteemed by a few friends, and much respected by everyone, is he generally popular. His indolence makes him neglect all care in cultivating or preserving friendships. Unsusceptible himself, he pays little heed to other persons' minor susceptibilities, and by some strange perversity of nature says things which at once hurt and amuse his friends. Thus, when I was greatly delighted by a university success, he told me that my pleasure would not last, and at a time when I was extremely anxious about the schools, informed me that men who (like myself) took part in the Union debates, rarely got firsts. A want of power to fling himself into the feeling of the moment, to "enter into things," and something which I must call a deficiency in romance, are to my mind the source of all that can be said against his agreeableness. And when all his social defects are reckoned up, he remains to me one of the most agreeable, as well as one of the most estimable, of my friends. He is one of the few men of my own age of whom I can truly say that his example has tended to keep up one's moral tone. When anyone remembers the flippant frivolity of the tone often prevalent at Oxford, it is impossible not to admire a man whose serious thoughtfulness tended to make his associates think seriously.'

The essay on 'National life' here referred to was written for an essay society called the 'Old Mortality,' to which many of the abler Oxford men of that time belonged. The essay itself is not preserved, nor is another written in 1858 on 'Political idealism,' which seems to

have made a great impression on those who heard it. In the minutes of the society it is described as 'designed to oppose views prevalent in the present day regarding the influence of general laws on national and social development. The writer asserted that human society could not be looked upon as a mere machine, and that the results of such doctrines were highly pernicious, as destroying individual effort, and preventing men of ability and virtue from engaging in politics. The opinions now in vogue were contrasted with those that prevailed two hundred years ago, representative passages being read from Milton and Buckle respectively. The essayist concluded by pleading for the recognition of a nation's moral responsibilities, and showed how infinitely important it was that lofty ideas on the duties of the individual to the state should be more widely diffused.' Of the essays, also referred to above, which he wrote as an undergraduate for the college authorities, a good many still exist, and an extract from one of them upon 'Loyalty' will serve at once to illustrate his maturity of thought and expression, and to show how early he had formed his characteristic views of political society. 'In no depth of their debasement have men consented to confine the range of the mind within the limits of the fleshly tabernacle, which is the seat of its imprisonment. The tendency to form societies, and the reverence for supernatural beings, which even in the darkest days have never been obliterated, are evidences that men were dimly conscious, at once, that their minds were not isolated mechanisms, but pervaded with a life properly the same in every part, and that this life in its turn had its foundations in the life of a higher being. It is in these instincts that loyalty has its origin, but before they attain to so high a manifestation, they display their power in several lower forms of the same principle. As the earliest and rudest of these we may perhaps reckon the love of home, which we find in Homer as a leading characteristic of the early Greeks, and which we still attribute to Indians and savage tribes. For this love of home was a great deal more than a phrenological organ of habitativeness. It could never have bound men together as it did, had it not been closely connected with reverence for the local or domestic shrine of God,—"the God that maketh men to be of one mind in an house,"—as displayed in their clinging to a common hearth. A higher manifestation of the same feeling may be found in chivalry and the feudal system, for the supposition of divine right in the king or chieftain shows that it had other than earthly sanctions, and the acknowledgment of reciprocal obligations between chieftain and retainer betokens the sense of our common life. I call it a higher manifes-

tation than the love of home, for ideally it requires obedience to a truly superior will, and embodies a reverence for plighted faith. But actually a superior will was generally confounded with a greater power of violence, and faith was often plighted for an evil end, and the reverence for it was blind and fitful. Chivalry therefore required to be superseded by loyalty, which demands the same reverence and obedience regulated and controlled by being directed towards a settled law, a law which at once proceeds from and has for its object the common nature of man, and is therefore endowed with the authority of the creator of that nature. . . The truly loyal man is not he who shouts for king and constitution, or who yields a blind obedience to the routine of existing institutions, but he who looks beyond these to the universal law of the common reason of man, and in reverence for this yields a willing and hearty obedience to the rules in which it embodies itself for the establishment of right dealing in society, rules which, except so far as they have been distorted by violence, have only varied to adapt themselves to the varying affairs of men. And if loyalty is the natural enemy of tyranny, as that which ignores the law founded in the reason of which all are partakers, so is it no less opposed to a selfish seeking for individual gain. Recognising the duty owed by all to the supreme power and common good of the state, the loyal man is bound to his fellow-citizens in the unity of a common object, which gives to the private pursuits of his daily life their value and spiritual meaning.'

A few of his opinions as an undergraduate on contemporary politics can be gathered from the letters to his father and sisters. His antipathy to Louis Napoleon, whom he regarded as no better than a 'successful brigand,' comes out strongly on occasion of the attempt of Orsini and the proposed Conspiracy bill. 'I see bishop Spencer has been preparing a form of thanksgiving for the preservation of the imperial life, in which the flunkeyism of English residents at Paris is skilfully compounded with religious phrases, the result being, to anyone who looks at the facts, blasphemy.' 'I was quite off my head with joy when I heard that Palmerston had been defeated. Indeed the prospect of the Conspiracy bill being carried had weighed so on my mind, that I almost forgot to eat my bread. If it had been carried, Belgium and Geneva and Sardinia would scarcely have been able to hold up a hand for freedom any longer.' His previous suspicions of lord Palmerston were turned into decided hostility by his action on this occasion, and on his death in 1865 he writes, 'I cannot pretend to be sorry, being persuaded that he did about as much harm as it is possible for an individual Englishman

to do nowadays.' But he distinguished strongly the anti-Napoleonic from the anti-Gallican feeling, of which the *Times* was making itself the exponent, and he did not share in the sympathy felt at Oxford for Montalembert on his conviction for the pamphlet *Un débat sur l'Inde*. It was partly no doubt as a symptom of warlike feeling that he disliked the formation of the volunteer rifle corps, but also because he regarded it as hostile to the people. 'Fools talk at Oxford of its being desirable, in order that the gentry may keep down the chartists in the possible contingency of a rising. I should like to learn the use of the arm that I might be able to desert to the people, if it came to such a pass. After all we do not know what may arise from the hunger produced by a European war.' Of the war of 1859 he was an almost impartial spectator. He had already prophesied in 1856 that the conflicting interests of France and Austria in Italy, 'being the interests of rogues, must cause a quarrel, with the discontent of the people to embitter it,' and when the struggle came his chief hope was that 'it will at least teach Englishmen not to put their trust in despots, but in free national governments.

His admiration for John Bright was fully grown in 1858, when he brought forward a motion eulogistic of him at the Oxford Union. 'It was frantically opposed, and after two days' discussion I found myself in a minority of two. I am almost ashamed to belong to a university which is in such a state of darkness.' The speeches of Bright to which he alludes with special enthusiasm are that on India in the House of Commons, June 24, 1858, those on reform and foreign policy, at Birmingham, October 27 and 29 of the same year, and at Rochdale, January 28, 1859, and that on the national defences in the House of Commons, August 3, 1860; the last he describes as 'that of a sober man among drunkards.' Many things combined to make Bright a statesman after his own heart; his belief in the moral responsibility of nations, his love of the people, his unclerical piety, the noble simplicity and restrained passion of his eloquence. In 1864 he had the pleasure of meeting him at Oxford, and writes, 'I can best describe him as a great "brick." He is simple as a boy, full of fun, with a very pleasant flow of conversation and lots of good stories. He does not seem to mind what he says to anybody, but though he is sufficiently brusque, his good humour saves him from ever seeming rude. There is nothing declamatory or pretentious about his talk; indeed, though very pleasant, it would not be particularly striking but for the strong feeling which it sometimes shows.'

Enough has been said to show the main bent of his political interests at this time. We have seen how one of his contemporaries